

SIC

The Exploits of Elaine

(Continued from Page 14.)

One question after another elicited little that could be called intelligence. If Craig had only been able to see, he would have found out that with his back toward the taxicab driver, the hobo had out hand behind him and made the sign of the Clutching Hand, glancing surreptitiously at the driver to catch the answering sign, while Craig gazed earnestly at the two roads.

At last Craig gave him up as hopeless. "Well, go ahead—this way," he indicated, pointing the most likely road.

As the chauffeur was about to start he stalled his engine.

"Hurry!" urged Craig, exasperated at the delay.

The driver got out and tried to crank the engine. Again and again he turned it over, but somehow it refused to start. Then he lifted the hood and began to tink.

"What's the matter?" asked Craig, impatiently jumping out and bending over the engine, too.

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "Must be something wrong with the ignition, I guess," he replied.

Kennedy looked the car over hastily. "I can't see anything wrong," he frowned.

"Well, there is," growled the driver. "Precious minutes we're spending away as they argue. Finally with his characteristic energy, Kennedy put the taxicab driver aside.

"Let me try it," he said. "Miss Dodge, will you arrange that spark and throttle?" Elaine, equal to anything, did so, and Craig bent down and cranked the engine. It started on the first spin.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "There wasn't anything, after all."

He took a step toward the taxicab.

"Say," objected the driver, hastily, interposing himself between Craig and the wheel which he seemed disposed to take now, "whose running this boat, anyhow?"

Surprised, Kennedy tried to shoulder the fellow out of the way. The driver resisted solemnly.

"Miss Kennedy—look out!" cried Elaine. "The car's running. But it was too late. The rough-looking fellow had awakened Kennedy. Suddenly he stepped up behind Kennedy with a blackjack. As the heavy weight descended Craig crumpled up on the ground unconscious.

With a scream, Elaine turned and started to flee. But the chauffeur seized her arm.

"Say boy," he asked of the rough fellow, "what does Clutching Hand want with her? Quick! There's another car likely to be along in a moment with that fellow Jameson in it."

The rough fellow, with an oath, seized her and dragged her toward the taxicab. "Go ahead!" he growled, indicating the road.

And away they sped, leaving Kennedy unconscious on the side of the road, where we found him.

"What are we to do?" I asked helplessly of Kennedy, when we had at last got him on his feet.

His head still ringing from the force of the blow of the blackjack, Craig stooped down, then knelt in the dust of the road, then ran ahead a bit, where it was somewhat muddy.

"Which way—which way?" he muttered to himself.

I thought perhaps the blow had affected him and I leaned over to see what he was doing. Instead, he was studying the marks made by the tire of the Clutching Hand cab. Very decidedly, there in the road, the little anti-skid marks on the tread of the tire showed—some worn, some cut—but with each revolution the same marks reappearing unmistakably.

More than that, it was a unusual mark of the tire. It was actually studying the finger prints, so to speak, of an automobile.

More slow now and carefully, we proceeded, for a mistake meant losing the trail of Elaine. Kennedy absolutely refused to get inside our cab, but clung tightly to a metal rod outside while he stood on the running board—his steady eyes along the road to catch any faint glimpse of either taxi or limousine, or the dust from them, now gazing intently at the ground following the finger prints of the taxicab that was carrying off Elaine. All pain was forgotten by him now in the intensity of his anxiety for her.

We came to another crossroads and the driver glanced at Craig. "Stop!" he ordered.

In another instant he was down in the dirt, examining the road for marks.

"That way!" he indicated, pointing back to the running board.

We plied back into the car and proceeded under Kennedy's direction as fast as he would permit. So it continued, perhaps for a couple of hours.

At last Kennedy stopped the cab and slowly directed the driver to veer into an open space that looked peculiarly lonely. Near it stood a one-story brick factory building, closed, but not abandoned.

As I looked about at the unattractive scene, Kennedy already was down on his knees in the dirt again, studying the tire

tracks. They were all confused, showing that the taxicab we were following had evidently backed in and turned several times before going on.

"Crossed by another set of tracks!" he exclaimed excitedly, studying closer.

"That must have been the limousine," he said.

Laboriously he was following the course of the car in the open space, when the one word escaped him, "Footprints!"

He was up and off in a moment, before we could imagine what he was after. We had got out of the cab, and followed him as, down to the very shore of day, he went.

There lay a rusty, discarded boiler on the beach, half submerged in the rising tide. At this tank the footprints seemed to go right down the sand and into the waves, which were slowly obliterating them. Kennedy gazed out as if to make out a possible boat on the horizon where the cove widened out.

"Look," I cried.

Further down the shore, a few feet, I discovered the same prints, going in the opposite direction, back toward the place from which he had just come. I started to follow them, but soon found myself alone. Kennedy had paused beside the old boiler.

"What is it?" I asked, retracing my steps.

He did not answer, but seemed to be listening. We listened also. There certainly was a most peculiar noise inside that tank.

Was it a muffled scream?

Kennedy reached down and picked up a rock, hitting the tank a resounding blow. As the echo died down, he listened again.

Yes, there was a sound—a scream perhaps—a woman's voice faint, but unmistakable.

I looked at his face inquiringly. Without a word I read in it the confirmation of the thought that had flashed into my mind.

Elaine Dodge was inside!

First had come the limousine, with its three hands, to the spot fixed on as a rendezvous. Later had come the taxicab. As it drove into sight, the three well-dressed crooks had drawn revolvers, thinking perhaps the plan for getting rid of Kennedy might possibly have miscarried. But the taxicab driver and the rough-faced fellow had reassured them with the sign of the Clutching Hand, and her arm.

As they parlayed hastily, the rough-neck and the fake chauffeur lifted Elaine out of the taxi. She was bound and gagged.

"Well, now we've got her, what shall we do with her?" asked one.

"It's got to be quick. There's another cab!" put in the driver.

"The deuce with that!"

"That fellow Kennedy's a clever one. He may come to it. If he does, he won't miss us. Quick, now!"

"I wish I'd broken his skull," muttered the rough-neck.

"We'd better leave her somewhere here," remarked one of the better dressed three. "I don't think the chief wants us to kill her—well," he added, with an ominous glance at Elaine, who, in spite of threats, was not cowed, but was vainly struggling at her bonds.

"Well, where shall it be?" asked another.

"See," cried the third. "See that old boiler down there at the edge of the water? Why not put her in there? No one'll ever think to look in such a place!"

Down by the water's edge, where he pointed, lay a big boiler, such as is used on stationary engines, with its end lapped by the waves. With a hasty expression of approval, the rough-neck picked Elaine up bodily, still struggling vainly, and together they carried her, bound and gagged, to the tank. The opening, which was toward the water, was small, but they managed, roughly, to thrust her in.

A moment later and they had rolled up a huge boulder against the small entrance, bracing it so that it would be impossible for her to get out from the inside. Then they drove off hastily.

Inside the old boiler lay Elaine, still bound and gagged. If she could only

scream! Someone might hear. She must get help. There was water in the tank. She managed to lean up inside it, standing as high as the walls would allow her, trying to keep her head above the water.

Practically, she managed to loosen the gag. She screamed. Her voice seemed to be bound around by the iron walls as was she herself. She shrieked. The water was rising—had reached her chest—and was still rising, slowly, inexorably.

What should she do? Would no one hear her? The water was up to her neck now. She held her head as high as she could and screamed again.

What was that? Silence? Or was someone outside?

Coolly, in spite of the emergency, Kennedy took in the perilous situation.

The lower end of the boiler, which was on a slant on the rapidly shelving beach, was now completely under water and impossible to get at. Besides, the opening was small, too small.

We pulled away the stone, but that did no good. No one could hope to get in and then out again that way alive—much less with a helpless girl. Yet something must be done. The tank was practically submerged inside, as I estimated quickly. Blows had no effect on the huge iron trap, which had been built to resist many pounds of pressure.

Kennedy gazed about frantically and his eyes caught the sign on the factory:

OXYACETYLENE WELDING CO.

"Come, Walter," he cried, running up the shore.

A moment later, breathless, we reached the doorway. It was, of course, locked. Kennedy whipped out his revolver and several well-directed shots through the shoulders to it and swung the door open, entering the factory.

There was not a soul about, not even a watchman. Hastily we took in the place, a forge and a number of odds and ends of metal sheets, rods, pipes and angles.

Beside a work bench stood two long cylinders, studded with bolts.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to the cylinders. "Here, Walter, take one. I'll take the other—the tubes—and—"

He did not pause to finish, but seized up a peculiar shaped instrument, like a huge hook, with a curved neck and sharp beak. Really it was composed of two metal tubes which ran into a cylinder or mixing chamber above the nozzle, while parallel to them ran another tube with a nozzle of its own.

We ran, for there was no time to lose. As nearly as I could estimate it, the water must now be slowly closing over Elaine.

"What is it?" I asked, as he joined up the tubes from the tanks to the peculiar book-like apparatus he carried.

"An oxyacetylene blowpipe," he muttered, "used for welding and cutting, too." "Used for welding and cutting, too," he cried.

With a light he touched the nozzle. Instantly a hissing, blinding flame—needle made the steel under it incandescent. The terrific heat from one nozzle made the steel glow. The stream of oxygen from the second completely consumed the hot metal. And the force of the blast carried a fine spray of disintegrated metal before it. It was a brilliant sight. But it was more than that. Through the very steel itself the flame, thousands of degrees hot seemed to eat its way in a fine line, as if it were a sharp knife cutting ordinary cardboard.

With tense muscles Kennedy held the terrible instrument that ate cold steel, welding the torch as deftly as if it had been, as indeed it was, a magic wand of modern science.

He was actually cutting out a huge hole in the still exposed surface of the tank—all around, except for a few inches, to prevent the heavy piece from falling inward.

As Kennedy carefully bent outward the section of the tank which he had cut, he

quickly reached down and lifted Elaine, unconscious, out of the water.

Gently he laid her on the sand. It was the work of only a moment to cut the cords that bound her hands.

There she lay, pale and still. Was she dead?

Kennedy worked frantically to revive her.

At last, slowly, the color seemed to return to her pale lips. Her eyelids fluttered. Then her great, deep eyes opened.

As she looked up and caught sight of Craig bending anxiously over her, she seemed to comprehend. For a moment both were silent. Then Elaine reached up and took his hand.

There was much in the look she gave him—admiration, confidence—love itself.

Heretics, however, were never part of Kennedy's freak make-up. The fact was that her admiration even though unspoken, plainly embarrassed him. Yet he forgot that as he looked at her lying there, frail and helpless.

He stroked her forehead gently, laying back the wet ringlets of her hair.

"Craig," she whispered, "you—you've saved my life!"

Her tone was eloquent.

"Elaine," he whispered, still gazing down into her wonderful eyes, "the Clutching Hand shall pay for this! It is a fight to the finish between us!"

(Continued Next Sunday)

Woman Swoons in Court When She Mistakes Order

Mrs. Charles Anderson, 319 Miami street, fell, screaming, to the floor when she heard Judge Seara say: "The

made the order; there is no use of talking about it any more."

Mrs. Anderson believed the judge referred to a thirty day sentence to River-view imposed on her son, Edward, whereas Judge Seara, who was talking to the lady's father, was speaking of an order suspending the sentence.

Charles Anderson, the boy's father, persuaded the judge to suspend the sentence, declaring he and his wife were properly caring for him and that no complaint had previously been made of him.

"It is a foolish thing to let you persuade me to let this boy go," said the judge. "However, I've made the order and there is no use of talking about it any more."

At this point Mrs. Anderson collapsed. Edward was with two boys who accompanied her to a store at Twenty-fourth and Lake streets.

Many Are Invited to Cement Show

The annual convention of the Mid-West Cement Dealers' association is to be held in Omaha March 3 to 6. Frank Whippleman, secretary of the association, has notified the bureau of publicity of these dates. The annual cement show is to be held at the Auditorium in connection with the convention. The bureau of publicity is sending out 4,000 invitation to cement dealers in the states of the Missouri river valley.

Green Gables

DR. BENJ. BAILEY

SANATORIUM

Lincoln, Neb.

This institution is the only one in the central west with separate buildings situated in their own ample grounds, yet entirely detached, and rendering it possible to classify cases. The one building being fitted for and devoted to the treatment of non-contagious and non-mental diseases, no others being admitted; the other Rest Cottage being designed for and devoted to the exclusive treatment of select mental cases requiring for a time watchful care and special nursing.

EXPLOITS of ELAINE

THE CLUTCHING HAND

PRESENTED BY PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.

See the Pictures at the Following Theatres

Besse Theatre

SOUTH OMAHA

Every Wednesday

Episode No. 3 Jan. 20

Favorite Theatre

1716 Vinton St.

Every Tuesday

3d Episode Jan. 19

PARLOR Theatre

14th and Douglas

Every Wednesday

Episode No. 1 Jan. 20

ROYAL THEATRE

Fullerton, Neb.

Every Friday

Episode No. 1—Feb. 12

GRAND Theatre

16th and Binney

Every Thursday

Episode No. 2 Jan. 21

Gem Theatre

1258 So. 13th St.

Every Sunday

Episode No. 1 Jan. 17th

MONROE THEATRE

2555 Farnam St.

Every Wednesday

Episode No. 2—Jan. 20

DIAMOND THEATRE

2410 Lake St.

Every Tuesday

Episode No. 1—Jan. 19

LOTHROP Theatre

3212 No. 24th St.

Episode No. 1

Jan. 24th

Write PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.

1312 Farnam Street

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

FOR BOOKINGS:

WILL SOON BE HEARD AGAIN IN OMAHA.

By HENRIETTA M. REES.

URING the holidays two great conventions of musicians were held in the east, one the National Association of Music Teachers, held at Pittsburgh, and the other the first annual convention of the American Guild of Organists, which has chapters all over the United States. The principal subjects discussed by the teachers were music in the public schools and its accrediting, the question of appointing an official musician in city, state and nation; standardization in teaching and other subjects of interest to the profession. At the second the papers read and the discussions referred more particularly to church and organ music. Some of the papers dealt with the influence of the quartet choir, church music, what constitutes a church organist, and the organ as a concert instrument. Arthur Poole, the well known composer, read a paper upon the value of the Guild examinations which are presented each year, to raise the standard of efficiency of organists by examinations in organ playing theory of music and in general musical knowledge.

These conventions show the tendency of workers in musical lines to organize for the uplifting and advancement of the art of music, a tendency which is growing all over the United States. It shows a realization on the part of those who know the problems and difficulties of the profession that concerted effort will do much to hasten music to an honored place in the lives of the people in our country, and will be able to accomplish many things which would be impossible by individual effort.

Personally, the writer is strongly in favor of such examinations as those offered by the American Guild of Organists. They are of a high standard, aim to be for teaching and broad, and demand more from the applicant than mere virtuosity upon an instrument. If some scheme of examination along similar lines could be worked out for each line of musical endeavor, and be put into use right in our city, it might do much good for our aspiring students. In Lincoln high school music counts in the semi-annual examinations as any other major study toward graduation. Here we have none, and many students both in and out of the high school, need a musical examination very much in order that they may have some idea of how much they really know. These examinations are an incentive to the young student, not only to become more skilled in actual performance, but to broaden his general musical knowledge. These examinations possess a value in that they afford a stimulus to the student. An athlete may not win in competition, but in order to compete at all he has had to develop a fine constitution and well trained muscles in the weeks and months of preparation, which he has undergone. The examination in itself may not hit upon everything one knows, or it may hit upon many things which a person does not know, but the chief value to the applicant is in the preparation, which he has put in previous to its happening. They cause one to think quickly, to condense his musical knowledge, and they bring an active realization of the things in which he is lacking.

Human nature is really very amusing, and it is manifest just as much in the musical world as anywhere. Everywhere in the United States and especially in Omaha, are many very talented people, and everywhere in the United States, and especially in Omaha nine-tenths of these people will not work. Many people who are slightly ill and feel out of sorts go to a doctor, thinking they are sick. The trouble is they do not take enough exercise. He advises them to take a five-mile walk every day. They look virtuous and think they will, and maybe they do try walking a mile and a half for a day or two, but then they decide that is too much work, so, after a while they try another doctor. This one says nothing about walking, but advises golf. And the very same person who would not walk five miles for the good of his health, will get out with a set of clubs and with here and there a putting green as an incentive, will chase the little white ball five miles and more and not think anything about it. The same way with these talented people. Their music needs more exercise. The same idea of practicing several hours a day and reading elevating musical literature is not inspiring, but if you put up a musical examination now and then as an open sesame to something desirable or as the forerunner of a diploma or other mark of honor, they will work and read and go into training to see if they can do it, and when they have by this means developed a healthy musical constitution, the chances are ten to one that they will look about for new fields to conquer.

What difference does it make whether one looks at the top of a hill when he begins to climb and works toward it or if one looks first at one huge rock and thinks he will climb it, and then to another, and so on, until he reaches the top?

Why wouldn't it be a nice thing to have the city or the Board of Education or some other responsible organization offer examinations for music students from time to time, and at the end of several years when they are able to pass a good stiff one demanding much in the way of musicianship from the applicant, to give them a diploma stating that they have done this work in the city, and that they are supposed to know a certain amount about the subject?

Musical Notes.

The joint recital by Alma Gluck, soprano, and Effrem Zimbalist, violinist, at the Brandeis theater on Monday afternoon, January 12, was Omaha's most expensive concert combination on tour this season and advance orders indicate a record audience.

Five years ago when the general director of the Metropolitan opera was looking for a young soprano, half a hundred girls had a hearing. Alma Gluck proved the choice of the connoisseurs assembled and at the Metropolitan. Besides having a "Goddess" voice, Miss Gluck could sing and what is more important, she had brains. Chorus, too, has this gifted soprano. Her singing has been seen rapid, but when studied on all sides it is just another instance where a young artist found her own level.

Effrem Zimbalist, though at present in the class of "famous husbands of more famous wives" came to America on a short while ago with an excellent European record.

When Zimbalist was a small boy, his father, the conductor of an orchestra, used to take the lad to rehearsals, but refused to permit him to rehearse until he was seven. Zimbalist was accepted as a pupil of Azor of Petrograd, and in a short time became the master's favorite pupil. No young man ever entered the conservatory in the Czar's capital under brighter auspices, for on

his first examination he was awarded the gold medal and 120 rubles. Soon afterward the Russian government was forever exempted Zimbalist from military duty.

Miss Frances Naub, pianist, who has not been heard since extensive study in Europe, will appear as soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony orchestra on Friday evening, February 12, at the Boyd theater. For this occasion the entire membership of the orchestra, eighty-five players, will appear under the able guidance of Emil Oberholzer, conductor.

The concert will be given under the management of Miss Mary McShane, who has distinctly pleasurable memories of Miss Naub's playing before she went abroad and her coming appearance will be awaited with interest.

Martin W. Rush gave a piano recital last Wednesday at the Sacred Heart academy for the nuns and students. He was assisted by Miss Mary McShane, contralto, and played compositions by Schumann, Schubert, Chopin and Tschai-kovsky.

An Evening With Carrie Jacobs-Bond, in original songs and stories will be given at the North Side Christian church, Twenty-second and Lehigh streets, Monday evening, January 12. The program will consist of stories of "My Old Man," and other stories, "Little Kitten Song," "Half Minute Song," "Song of Color," "Song of Children," and several of her other popular compositions, including "I Love You Truly," "A Perfect Day," "Mrs. Bond has won a unique place for herself in the musical world, and her entertainments are both enjoyable to the musician and to the general public as well.

Frank Mach presents Olga Eltner, Isabelle Radman, Beatie Roy, Gertrude Wiedling, Joe Herman, Wesley Jungmeyer, and other vocalists, on Wednesday, January 20, at his studio on Wednesday, January 20.

Miss Alice Virginia Davis will give a piano recital at the Young Women's Christian association auditorium Tuesday evening, February 2.

The music section of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will meet Tuesday afternoon, January 19, at 4 o'clock at the home of Misses Alice and Elizabeth Frye, 304 Binney street. The subject of the Neapolitan Dramatic school will be considered, under the leadership of Miss Alvilda Moore. The lives of the composers will be studied as selections from Rossini, Donizetti and others will be presented by Miss Hendrickson, Mrs. Herbert Woodland, Misses Alice Roberts, Alvilda Moore and Madge Bourne.

The Lyre club takes pleasure in announcing that its daily noon musical programs, which were discontinued during the month of December, will be resumed this week at the studios of Jean Gilbert Jones, in the Davidge block, Eighteenth and Farnam streets. All are cordially invited to attend.

Outline of this week program: Monday, January 12, Mr. Marcus Nielsen, baritone; Tuesday, January 13, Miss Beate Batten, concert pianist; Wednesday, January 14, Miss Alvilda Moore, soprano; and Mr. Frank Sackett, tenor vocal duets; Thursday, January 15, Miss Grace Pool, contralto; Friday, January 16, Miss Jess McDonald, soprano.

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